



Canterburies Conscience convicted:

O.R.

His dangerous projects, and evill intents, tending to the subversion of Religion detected : as also some particulars of those Treasons wherof he is now attainted, lying prisoner in the Tower this present. 1641.

To the tune of *All ye that cry O bone, o bone*: or, *The wounding Souldier*.



At by faire Londons Tower I walke,
I heard, a Prisoner make a great moane,
And thus unto himselfe he talkt,
Good God from me all joyes are gone.

I lookt about and there I found
Lord Canterbury in distresse,
With folded armes he trac'd the ground,
And these sad wordz he did expresse.

O England England I confess,
That an ill Shepheard I have beene,
I sought to bring thee in distresse,
Lord Iesus Christ forgive my sin.

Twas I that lately made a way
For Popish wolves to suck thy blood,
Twas I that should have been thy stay,
But ever did more harme then good.

Twas I that mob'd the King of late
To take up armes against the Scots,
I have offended King and State,
But the Parliament found out my plots.

And now I find an honest heart
Is better then a curring tongue,
Such honest men as I did thwart,
I now repent I did them wronz.

My wisedome and my schollership
Advanced me to high renowne,
But justice gavè me such a trip,
That justly brought my honour downe.

Ambitious thoughts my misde did sway,
As I did sweep faire Englands lawes,
Which made the people daily say
I labour'd not an honest cause.

Like Icarus I soared high.
And with the wings of fame I flew,
But in the twinkling of an eye,
Mine honours bid me all adieu.

Greatnesse with godnesse seldomie met,
He is not alwaies god that's great :
Where wit and grace each other greet,
That makes a gentleman compleat.



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The second part



HOW oft habe I the lawes abus'd,
My mighty power who durst withstand,
The innocent was still accus'd,
I had the law at my command.

Each day by day I shew'd my spite,
And fill'd the commons hearts with woe;
And whether it was wrong or right,
If I said I, it must be so.

I threatned the Judges still,
My very looks kept them in awe,
Because that I would have my will,
Against all reason right and law.

I rol'd the law, the law not me,
In my high inquisition Court,
And there I rol'd such cruelty,
Which grieves me now so to report.

Now justice knowes what England ayses,
She stands to doe faire England right,
She weighes my actions in her scales,
And then she finds my grace too light.

Had I but so much gracous bin,
Accoording to my honord place,
I had been cleare from many a sin,
Which lately brought me to disgrace.

My power was so mighty growne,
As if it wou'd ovetop the State,
But now of late tis overthowne,
I bought it at too deare a rate.

I licensit booke pernicious were,
Ladders to climbe to Popery,
Which I my selfe esteemed deare,
My bad intents was knowne hereby.

To the same tune,



Tis beo in this gloriouſe baine,
Till England was almost endane,
Untill the Commons did complain,
And said I was the Popes owne bane.

But now I live to ſee the day,
Where I ſo much deserue your bane,
I dare not now ſay pitty pray,
Because I find it is too late.

England forgiue thy ſhepherd wile,
That ſeo the wolves and ſtar'd the foxes,
Forſt them at Altars ſo to holme,
The Cuffome of the Popiſh ramone.

Iwell remember what I did
To put the French and Dutch Church,
A great mans ſaint may long lie hid,
Till justice upon him doe frowne.

Iknow god Protestants they are
Good ſubjects to the King like wife
Yet I ſtill will to them do bearre
And euer moxe do them despite.

That Cardinall Wolsey by name,
Did build his honoz on the ſand,
And brought himſelfe at length to fame,
That ſince had all at his command.

Isometimes was almoft as great,
I only lackt a hat and staffe,
But now I'me fallen from my ſeat,
And every child at me doth laugh.

So farewel world and gloriouſe name,
Waine-gloriouſe name without delite,
Farewell vaine pompe and idle time,
Now I from you am ſorle to part.